Muzzled Closet

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Relationships:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic

Characters:
Midoriya Izuku, Shinsou Hitoshi, Bakugou Katsuki, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight

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Collections:
Amazing Reads and Inspiration for BNHA, Fics that give me *ideas*, Writers fav works, Izuku Angst (aka Give Izuku a Hug Challenge), my finished reads, Yamazawa, MHA Shorts, MHA Chaotic Energy 3000, MyHero: Literal Dadzawa, Completed stories I've read, Best, bnha fics I love, 🌱 Izuku and his emotional support dads , bumblebee's fav BNHA fics! :-D, completed fictions, Izuku Midoriya and Authors on Their Quest to Take My Soul (ft. dadzawa), 📚 Fanfic Forum Discord Recs, 👌 good shit, Quality Fics, seer's dadzawa and izuku fics ☆, hixpatch's all time favorites, 🍀 Izuku's painshots </3, Fics to read again and again📚🌟, Wolfis MyHeroAcademia Library, flofli's collection of read mha fics <3, Dadzawa Soup for The Soul (TiaLee), Izu's other Dads (TiaLee), BKDK dopamine, 6011oneshotagain

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Summary

He didn’t think they’d go this far- but they did and now he didn’t know what to do other than dissociate in the cleaning supply closet he was locked in. His hands are on the muzzle forced on his face, trying to pry it off and uncaring to the harm he was doing to himself as it digs into his cheeks and makes blood build up underneath it.

The twelve-year-old doesn’t even know why he was put in here. It’s not like the times the other students shove him into lockers and cabinets- no, this was a teacher who did this. And he literally did nothing to even provoke it this time- maybe his existence is the only reason they need.

or // a fic inspired by other 'we hate Aldera' fics from one single idea of a teacher muzzling Izuku and shoving him into a closet when they realize a 'representative' to UA was visiting.

Notes

so there was another muzzled izuku fics- a few, actually, but there was one in specific and this one isn't necessarily inspired by that one but a few because,, ,me & the boys hate Aldera. but also because i got the idea of wow, what if they hid Izuku and muzzled him so they wouldnt have to show him to a 'UA representative!'.

if someone has done this already lmk i would love to also read theirs ;-;

anyways, here's some angst & i would've written more but it really was just like, one idea and i wrote what i wanted to & could so. i hope you enjoy nonetheless.

See the end of the work for more notes

Izuku was *terrified.*

He didn't think they'd go this far- but they did and now he didn't know what to do other than dissociate in the cleaning supply closet he was locked in. His hands are on the muzzle forced on his face, trying to pry it off and uncaring to the harm he was doing to himself as it digs into his cheeks and makes blood build up underneath it.

The twelve-year-old doesn't even know why he was put in here. It's not like the times the other students shove him into lockers and cabinets- no, this was a teacher who did this. And he literally did nothing to even provoke it this time- maybe his existence is the only reason they need.

Kacchan wasn't at school to help him either. Even if the boy really only ignored him nowadays- he helped keep other kids and teachers away from him the best he can. The blonde always acted like he never cared- but it definitely showed in little ways that he did. Izuku doesn't blame him for not wanting to interact with the only quirkless kid in the school, Kacchan had his own issues to deal with- he didn't need Izuku to keep him behind.

But the point is, Kacchan was running late, and he couldn't have stopped the teacher from silencing him with a terrible contraption and locking him in a supply closet.

So he sits against the door and waits, tuning out the people outside that would never help him- chest heaving up and down- and trying to pull the muzzle off his face without even considering that there might be an easier way to get it off in the back.

But then, a voice finally gains his attention.

…

Aizawa wanted so badly to hate Nedzu for making him do this.

And yet, he couldn't. Because now he was pissed off at this middle school for its mere existence.

Students using quirks illegally in the halls, obnoxious kids boasting about being heroes already, teachers smiling smugly at the sight of a '*representative for UA'* walking the halls to '*see the heroes of the future!*', but then those same teachers talking shit on each other- and *oh.* The goddamn principal leading him through the school and talking so

highly of these students with an outfit that reeked of smoke.

This place was crawling with bias and toxicity- and it most certainly was getting shut down by the end of the week.

Aizawa is just about to cut off the principal and leave- he's heard more than enough at this point and seen more than enough. His social battery was drained beyond belief.

But then, there's a kid- a blonde, to be specific. That enters the school and runs down the hall. Normally, Aizawa would just look away. Because it's just another annoyance of a kid- but the blonde looks into what's most likely to be his classroom and pauses.

Then, he slowly turns to the teacher and speaks, "Where the *hell* is Deku?"

Aizawa's eyebrow raises, and he completely ignores the principal suddenly wanting them to move to another location. He instead takes a step forward, and stares down the teacher that hasn't noticed him yet- the woman's full attention on the blonde with a face of pure disgust.

"He's not here today. Something about not *feeling* well. Take a seat, Bakugou."

Aizawa's eyes flicker to the way '*Bakugou*' tenses.

"Bullshit." The blonde hisses out, and the teacher's eyes widen comically large which makes Aizawa's mouth twitch with a smirk.

"*Excuse* me?"

"I said bullshit- that's bullshit. Deku would never miss class- you know he's come to class sick before- hell, he's come to class with a concussion! So where the fuck is he? I know you didn't send him home."

Other than the foul language- Aizawa might just like this kid. The bluntness and rudeness probably came from the school itself- but at least he wasn't taking anyone's bullshit.

The anger issues may be a problem, but that can easily change with help. The tired man wonders if the blonde will attend UA.

"Well maybe I did send him home, I really don't see why you care,

Bakugou. You never speak with '*Deku*' anyways- so really, it's none of your business."

"It IS my business when you treat him like shit! Now where the fuck is he?"

The teacher goes to speak, but then they're interrupted by a '***thump***' that comes from a supply closet not too far from the classroom.

The teacher's eye twitches, Bakugou's eyes widen, and Aizawa's eyebrows furrowed in confusion while the principal starts to look nervous.

Then, Bakugou turns so quickly that the teacher and Principal startle, the blonde and tired man lock eyes.

"You. You're the UA representative or whatever, right? That was supposed to come today?" Bakugou questions, and for a kid those eyes were more determined than most daylight pros Aizawa has seen.

His eyes held the urge to protect.

Something tells Aizawa there's going to be a lot of shit he'll need to fix regarding this *'Deku'* and his relationship with Bakugou- but they'll get to that later. He instead gives the blonde a sharp nod, and continues to ignore the principal who was now insisting that they continue the tour- the blonde also ignoring the teacher who was insisting that Bakugou take a seat.

"Come help me." Bakugou orders, grabbing the tired man's wrist and dragging him down the hall- Principal and Teacher follow along in an attempt to stop them both. But now the UA teacher and angry student were on a mission- and they weren't going to be stopped.

When they reach a supply closet door, there's another '***thump***' that comes from inside. Bakugou looks up at Aizawa with a look asking for help- and the man turns to the principal who visibly sweats.

"Give me the keys to this closet right now or so help me I will be sending your ass down the hallway to get them myself." Aizawa threatens, and the principal is quick to feel his pockets- finding the keys and handing them to Aizawa before retreating down the hallway towards his office. The teacher looks back and forward between the closet door and her classroom- and decides that teaching was suddenly better than getting caught for whatever was behind that door.

Oh. *Aizawa was going to hate this, wasn't he?*

Bakugou grabs the keys from him while Aizawa fumes and unlocks the door like he's done it a thousand times.

And yeah. *Aizawa is so fucking pissed.*

....

Izuku knew he heard a voice- Kacchan and.. Another he doesn't really recognize- but it was new.

As soon as he first heard Kacchan's voice he tries to figure out what to do- and after not even a minute he bangs his fist against the door.

There's silence.

Then, people are approaching the door- he bangs against the door again- tears now in his eyes.

Please help him. Please please please.

The sound of keys, the door opening- he falls down on the floor and looks up with wet eyes at his saviors.

"Dek- Izuku, hey hey-" Bakugou crouches down and tugs Izuku into his lap- cradling the boy with a grip that's protective. Izuku immediately bursts into tears- chest heaving as he has trouble breathing through the muzzle still on his face but bloody around the edges.

And Izuku wasn't used to this. *Kacchan, actually physically comforting him?*

It just made him cry harder, and he has trouble listening to the new voice that's trying to help him.

"Izuku!" Kacchan's voice snaps his hearing back, and he looks at the blonde with a frantic look. "Listen to him- okay?"

Izuku looks to the man that carried the same voice that wanted to help him- and he finally realizes that he'd been tuning him out. So he listens and-

"Hey kid, do you mind trying to follow my breathing? Just through the nose- okay? Not through the mouth. Ready?" The tired man questions, and Izuku just gives a barely noticeable nod- but the man

sees it nonetheless. “Okay- 1- 2- 3- 4, good. Good. 5-6,” He continues on until Izuku is breathing okay, then lets out a little breath of relief at the sight of the kid finally relaxing.

“Alright. Let's get you out of here and that thing off of you, okay? There’s nothing here that can help me get it off so we’ll have to get to my car where I have an emergency kit for exactly this.” Aizawa talks more than he usually would to the kid as he and Bakugou help him to his feet- and the kid, Izuku, seems to appreciate it immensely. “So- I know your name is Izuku already. My name is Aizawa, I was here as a ‘*UA representative*’- but that really just was bullshit. The principal of UA was just suspicious of this school for illegal activity- and it seems that they were right, huh?”

Bakugou seems to snort at that, and Izuku just looks up at Aizawa with wide eyes as they walk down the hallway.

“The nerd loves UA, and I’m guessing he’d be asking if you’re a pro hero right now but I’ll let him ask that when.. That fucking shit is off of his face. And I’m coming with you- I really don’t want to be here any more either.” Bakugou mumbles, his tone sounding grumpy but his eyes telling Aizawa something different.

This school has wronged all the kids in it.

Hopefully Nedzu can get them into a school that will teach them better.

“I wasn’t going to ask you to stay, Bakugou. We’ll be going to UA to see recovery girl for you, Izuku after we get that Muzzle off. Then, you and Bakugou will be talking to a detective and the principal about what happened. The school will be closed down by the end of tomorrow with everything we have now.” Aizawa explains, and goes to open the door to the school to exit but-

Izuku lightly grabs his arm sleeve, and looks up at Aizawa with such an expression of relief. The tired man gives the boy a questioning gaze, and blinks in surprise when Izuku wraps his arms around the man and starts shaking- starting to cry again as he stares up at Aizawa.

“Hey- it’s okay kid, it’s okay.” Aizawa mumbles, crouching down to be at the boy’s level and look him in the eyes. “You’re safe now, okay?” Aizawa takes the boy's hands away from the hug, instead letting them clutch the front of his shirt. Right near his heartbeat- something Izuku can feel and calm down with. “Do you want me to carry you the rest

of the way, hm?"

Izuku hesitates, looking down to the ground with a look Aizawa can't read.

"...I can give him a piggyback ride." Bakugou speaks up, and Izuku looks over at the blonde with a shocked look.

"That works too. How about that, Izuku?" Aizawa asks, gently prying Izuku's hands off his shirt when the boy nods slowly. He helps the fluffy haired boy up onto Bakugou's back, the blonde supporting Izuku the best he can. And it's… Easier than expected. But Aizawa shouldn't be so surprised- Izuku was so much smaller than he should be in this school grade.

"Okay. Let's go." Bakugo grumbles, not commenting on Izuku when the boy lays his head down on his shoulder. He just walks through the door when Aizawa opens it for them, and the tired man leads them to his car down the road.

Bakugou settles Izuku in the back seat when they reach the car, being surprisingly soft with the boy and running a hand through messy curls to reassure him every time he even starts to look panicked.

"Okay, this'll be quick." Aizawa mumbles, a rather strong pair of scissors in his grip as he takes Bakugou's place in front of the boy. "I'm going to tilt your head- okay? Yup, just like that. You'll feel the scissors against your head- but they won't hurt you- okay? If the strap was lighter I wouldn't have to do that but.." Aizawa sighs, being very gentle as he grabs the strap and uses the scissors to cut it. Izuku flinches when he hears the movement of the tool, but blinks in relief when the tightness of the strap is no longer present.

"Alright… I'm going to take the muzzle off now, okay? Slowly as to not hurt you." Aizawa very very gently places his hand on front of the muzzle, getting a good grip on it before slowly and carefully taking it off. Izuku immediately takes a deep breath in that makes Aizawa frown, the tired man eying the blood that drips down onto Izuku's pants. "Shit.. Okay." he didn't think the cuts would be this bad- and he didn't expect for the muzzle to have something that clamps around the tongue.

Fuck, the boy probably tried to pry it off himself. That would explain the cuts- the muzzle wasn't exactly smooth on the inside.

"Okay.. Okay. Bakugou, can you grab the paper towels and wet wipes

from under the front seat for me?"

Bakugou doesn't hesitate, especially when Izuku seems to start dissociating at the sight of the muzzle in Aizawa's hand. The man is quick to get rid of it however, tossing it into the trunk that's still open from when he got the scissors out. The small boy just looks off to the side now, and when Aizawa is cleaning his face and patching him up the best he can with the help of Bakugou who also got his med kit for him-

Izuku mumbles something very quietly.

"What was that?" Aizawa questions softly when he's done, handing the med kit back to Bakugou who takes it and just tosses it into the trunk like Aizawa did with the Muzzle.

"I-I-I- I'm Q-Quirk… Quirkless.." Izuku's voice sounds awful- is what Aizawa thinks first- and then,

.. *Those quirkist mother fuckers at that goddamn school.*

Is what he thinks next.

"Kid… I don't care about that." Aizawa sighs lightly, grabbing one if Izuku's hands and squeezing it in a grounding way. "I just care about getting you help and making sure you're alright. It's not only my job, but it's also something that I want to do."

Izuku looks like he wants to break down, but he's just tired. So instead he leans his head forward and bumps it onto Aizawa's chest lightly- making the tired man instinctively wrap his arms around the small boy and hold him tight.

Bakugou doesn't comment, instead just closing the trunk for Aizawa and going around the car to get in the seat on the other side of Izuku.

They eventually start moving once Aizawa manages to get Bakugou to hold Izuku's hand so the boy could keep a grip on reality, and the man's driving is.. Well, it's okay. Could be better, as Bakugou states very clearly when they hit a bump in the road.

At least it makes Izuku giggle.

Izuku is quiet the entire ride and the entire walk into the school, just clutching at both Aizawa and Bakugou's hands and keeping them close to his chest.

Everything goes by in a blur after that. And soon enough Izuku finds himself sitting on Aizawa's couch, freshly abandoned by his Mother after she found out what happened and just doodling in a sketchbook quietly a week later.

He doesn't know what he did wrong to make everyone want him to stop existing, so he doesn't think about it. Instead he just sketches Aizawa- as he now knows as his foster dad and the one and only Eraserhead. He's drawing him first- and then he plans to draw Hizashi- his other foster dad and *the* Present Mic.

Izuku frowns when a drop of blood drips onto the page in front of him- and he sighs in realization that he was biting his lip too hard. He has to stop doing that. He brings his hand up to feel where he he had bitten to hard and- Izuku grimances at feeling his scars instead first- freshly healed by recovery girl but not going to fade away for a while.

"You okay lil listener?" Hizashi's voice makes Izuku snap his head up, and look at the tall blonde with a blank look which makes Hizashi's eyes soften in concern. "Come with me to the kitchen? Let me clean up your lip a bit."

The weird thing about this all- Izuku thinks as he stands and takes the man's hand, is that Hizashi had similar scars on his face to his own. They were lighter, faded with time- but something tells Izuku they were a lot bigger back then.

He had to have been muzzled for his quirk, Izuku thinks. And it's weird. Because he wasn't muzzled for a quirk, no. Izuku was muzzled just because they wanted him to shut up and keep quiet.

Part of Izuku thinks that he deserved it- but when he told Hizashi that on the way to their home he was quick to say that he absolutely did not deserve anything that happened to him. And Izuku thinks- that if Hizashi didn't deserve it either then- he definitely didn't deserve it either.

He lets Hizashi wipe the blood off his lip and clean the self-inflicted bite wound, while Izuku pretty much stares at Hizashi with curious eyes and not letting the man use both of his hands. Aka holding one hand at all times because it makes him feel safe- and Hizashi doesn't seem like he's bothered by it at all. He just works surprisingly well with one hand and smiles softly at the boy.

"Hm." Aizawa hums, making his presence known to the two who look over at him with bright expressions, and Izuku doesn't quite smile yet-

but they'll get there. "Did you bite your lip, kid?" The tired man questions, swiping a gentle finger across the boy's eyebrow and making the kid squeak then nod shyly. "Try to be more gentle with yourself, okay?"

Izuku just nods again, knowing that Aizawa was going to be worried about him for a while after he had admitted to trying to pry the muzzle off without any thought to himself and his health- along with his other unintentional tendencies to accidentally hurt himself when he gets very emotional. That includes gripping his arms too hard- fingernails digging into his skin hard enough to draw blood, or, just as he had done a moment ago- bite his lip. Sometimes he'd tug at his hair to try and ground himself, but he's only ever pulled out hair during bad panic attacks.

"Do you mind if I bring someone by later, Izuku? He's a kid your age, and the adopted son to a good friend of ours." Aizawa questions in a soft tone, sitting down at the kitchen table and tilting his head at Izuku who fidgets with Hizashi's hand.

"Th-that's o-o-okay." Izuku stutters, grabbing Aizawa's hand when it's offered to him. So now he has two hands to hold and not let go of.

He's holding both of their hands again later too when the doorbell rings, and Hizashi has to convince Izuku to let his hand go. The boy pouts at that, but relents and instead leans against Aizawa on the couch.

The boy was certainly… Very clingy. But that wasn't a bad thing. The two adults were glad this was the response he had over being skittish around them and afraid after being mistreated for so long.

The twelve year old stares over from where he's on the couch at Hizashi opening the door- and blinking when he lets- oh that's definitely Midnight and- wait, Midnight adopted a son? *Huh.* He never thought that would happen.

And speaking of the son…

He locks eyes with purple ones, both eyes widening for the same reason- and focusing on each other's face scars. One more recent and one more faded at this point. The purple-haired tall boy looks away when he realizes he's staring, but Izuku doesn't. He instead just stands up off the couch and walks speedily over to the other boy, grabbing his hand and tugging him back towards the couch.

New friend obtained. Is the only thing on Izuku's now excited mind as he drags the boy to sit down. The boy looks dumbfounded, blinking in utter confusion as Izuku holds his hand with bright eyes.

"Uh.. I'm Hitoshi?" Hitoshi mumbles, and Izuku smiles so wide that it looks like it'd hurt his cheeks.

"I-I-I'm Izuku!" Izuku hums, oblivious to the dying Midnight still in the front door, clutching her chest as she suffers from the pure adorableness in front of her.

Hizashi has to drag her in and shut the door for her, all while carrying an amused grin. Aizawa just sighs fondly, ruffling Izuku's hair and making the boy look at him. "Don't overwhelm each other. You just met, kid." Aizawa mumbles, and Izuku looks sheepish but not ashamed.

"I-I kn-know. B-but h-h-he's fr-friend um, m-material." Izuku squeaks, "a-and I-I didn't h-h-have a lot of th-those s-so I w-want to um um," Izuku tries to put it into words, but he just can't. So instead he just looks to Hitoshi who looks back with blushing cheeks.

"I know lil listener, but you do have to ask before holding someone who you don't know's hand." Hizashi says, though his voice is laced with amusement and fondness.

"O-oh." and Izuku sadly goes to release his grip on the purple haired boy's hand, but then Hitoshi tightens his grip and looks away shyly. It makes Izuku's expression lighten and a little smile forms on his face.

"That's it, I'm dead. You both have barely even spoke to each other and you've killed me." Midnight whines dramatically, making Izuku giggle and Hitoshi huff out a small laugh.

Aizawa knows he made a good decision on letting the two boys meet- Hitoshi needed social interaction and Izuku needed a friend who he could relate to.

Them being attached at the hip was a little unexpected, but very much welcomed. Bakugou was a little jealous, but he accepted the two boys friendship with a grumble and a happy Izuku holding his and Hitoshi's hands.

Izuku was very lucky, he thinks he is, anyways. He's happier than he had been before- so this definitely had to be luck.

Oh well, no matter what, he's in a better situation. That's all that really matters to him. He gets to hold everyone's hand every day and get forehead kisses and big warm hugs.

It was really nice.

End Notes

some headcanons in this that i thought of but didnt write;

- Midnight is asexual
- Midnight mayhaps has a crush on Miss Joke.
- Hitoshi is Asexual & Izuku is Asexual.
- Hitoshi was muzzled before and found by Midnight in this at the age 6 instead, so he's had more time to heal. He gets pretty protective of Izuku learning he's been in awful shit for much longer.
- Hizashi was also muzzled at like, age 8 and for most of his life before that before he was taken in by a better family.
(so basically we have Hizashi, Hitoshi, & Izuku muzzle group.)

a concept id like to see is those three more in depth in a fanfic with muzzles- (all happy endings,, please,,)
but YEAH angst ideas!!! you love and hate to read them!!! why do i do this to myself

p.s. join my discord server! It's very wholesome there. https://discord.com/invite/tUVkQucg6A Feel no pressure to stay of course if you do join <3 It may not be for everyone !

Works inspired by this one

Tounge Tied by Graylikethecolor42

hiding the underneath doesn't work without a mask by Bruja_ofthe_Midwest (Watashi_wa_Okami)

A Muzzled Friendship by Darkness_To_Lies

Noise by raaaamen

Muzzled Closet PODFIC by TheViridian_Ghost

[Restricted Work] by koogi123 (drlessy)

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